

don't know anyone who didn't like John," said by Police Chief Ron Gravatt in a recent Pueblo Chieftain article. Sadly, John died in February in a motorcycle accident. As family, friends, and colleagues mourn this profound loss, I would like to honor this truly great American.

Mr. Sheelan was an individual that served his country, state and nation well. John was never too far from the outdoors, something that he loved. He was an avid weightlifter, but his true passion was his motorcycle. Tragically, John's life was cut short while embarking on the activity that he loved.

John was a long time Pueblo resident who was well known and widely admired. "John loved kids. On the beat, he liked to stop and talk to the kids," recalls Captain John Barger about his close friend. John has served his community for over three decades. As a police officer, he was dedicated to protecting the people of Pueblo, and as a community member he was committed to the betterment of society. John held numerous positions at the department, where he spent about 15 years as a detective investigating many of the department's highest profile cases. John was a highly skilled member of his profession.

Mr. Speaker and fellow colleagues, as you can see, this extraordinary human being truly deserves our timeless gratitude for his service. John P. Sheehan may be gone, but his legacy will long endure in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to know him. Colorado is a better place because of John Sheelan.

The nation's thoughts and prayers are with his wife, Pamela, and his children, Lori, Kelli, Clay and Brock, and his colleagues at the Pueblo Police Department. Like these loved ones, the Pueblo community and the State of Colorado will miss John greatly.

TRIBUTE TO HAL SHOUP

HON. MICHAEL G. OXLEY

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 7, 2001

Mr. OXLEY. Mr. Speaker, Hal Shoup, one of the key leaders in the advertising industry, a man who is both a professional colleague and good friend of mine, is retiring and moving to his mountain top home in Marshall, Virginia.

Hal is not actually a native of my home state of Ohio. He spent the first few years of his life in Michigan, but spent much of his professional career as the head of one of the largest advertising agencies in Cleveland, Ohio. As president of Liggett-Stashower, he played a major part in the rejuvenation of downtown Cleveland and was involved in the social and cultural rebirth of the area.

When he moved to Washington in 1989 as Executive Vice President of the AAAA's office, he brought with him the same reputation for integrity and humor that made him such a leader in Cleveland. I should add, he also brought with him the same very effective golf game.

Hal has been an insightful and thoughtful industry spokesman and a highly respected representative of the advertising agency business. I would like to extend to Hal Shoup warm congratulations on his retirement.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. MACK ROBERTS OF WAYNE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

HON. HAROLD ROGERS

OF KENTUCKY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 7, 2001

Mr. ROGERS of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, I use this extraordinary means to sadly inform the House of the passing of a great American, a patriarch of Wayne County, Kentucky, and a family friend.

Mr. Speaker, long after other doctors had stopped making house calls, Dr. Mack Roberts kept making his rounds. While other doctors were delivering babies in hospital rooms and administering vaccinations in sparkling new clinics, this humble man, known to his patients simply as "Doc", took his skills to the dusty roads in one of the most rural areas of the Nation—a four-county region of southeastern Kentucky.

A beloved physician, Dr. Mack Roberts, of Monticello, Kentucky, died Monday at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, at the age of 97.

Dr. Roberts provided medical care to patients throughout Kentucky's Wayne, Pulaski, Clinton and McCreary counties for 61 years, going to remote hills and hollows to deliver babies, provide vaccinations, and care for generations of family members. When there was no hospital at all in Wayne County, Dr. Roberts and his wife, Alma Dolen Roberts, opened their home on Main Street in Monticello to the sick and injured for treatment. They accepted patients at all hours of the day and night, sometimes turning their home into a makeshift emergency room. No patient was ever turned away.

Dr. Roberts grew up amid his large family in rural Wayne County in frontier-like surroundings, beginning in a log house. This Member was born at home only two or three miles from the same place. The Roberts and Rogers families have been close all the while. I especially remember Dr. Roberts' father, Rhodes Roberts, presiding over the Sunday School classes in the small, weatherboard, rural Elk Spring Valley Baptist Church, from my earliest memories. A much younger Dr. Mack Roberts would be quietly participating in the church activities. Later, my father, O.D. Rogers, assisted Dr. Roberts and others in raising the money to construct the new (and present) home for the church.

Dr. Mack Roberts earned a degree from Cumberland College in 1926 and his medical degree in 1932 from the University of Louisville College of Medicine. He came home to Wayne County to serve as county health officer, where the job of vaccinating children against common diseases became a personal crusade. He opened his private practice in Monticello in 1939.

He once told an interviewer that the most important medical instrument he could imagine was his Jeep, which he used to make house calls to patients across the region's most remote areas. He would take the Jeep as far as the road would take him, then sometimes climb atop a mule or a horse to travel the rest of the way.

But there was a time when these house calls took on an element of danger. During his years as a county health officer, he remembered that he would sometimes travel with an escort because some folks who saw him coming down the road thought he might have been a Federal agent looking for moonshine whiskey stills.

Over the years, "Doc" Roberts delivered 4,250 babies—about 90 percent of them delivered in the patients' home. For his work, he charged what the patient could afford, and sometimes that meant no payment at all. "One time I delivered a baby and the man offered me two gallons of moonshine," he has been quoted as saying. "I'm sorry now I didn't take it."

His career has been fondly remembered in two books chronicling his life. One book, entitled "Doc", was written by his great-nephew, the Rev. Howard W. Roberts, and published in 1987. Another book, written by his wife, Alma, was recently published under the title "House Calls: Memoirs of Life with a Kentucky Doctor." As recently as last fall, "Doc" and Alma Roberts made public appearances to sign the memoir.

Dr. Roberts retired from his practice on July 1, 1993, just before his 90th birthday. Since that time he has served as a director of the Monticello Banking Company. His wife; three daughters, Helen Drees of Flint, Michigan, Ann Looney of Paris, Tennessee, and Marilyn Drake of Monticello; a brother; a sister; four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren survive him.

Mr. Speaker, Dr. Mack Roberts had frequently said that he was put on this Earth for a reason: to serve the Lord and to serve his fellow man. It was a basic and abiding principle that he carried with him throughout his 97 years. His selfless devotion to his community, his patients and his family has left an indelible legacy for the people of Kentucky and the Nation.

We mourn the passing of this fine physician and community leader, whose life serves as an example for future generations of Kentuckians and Americans to follow.

RECOGNIZING THE GENEROSITY OF A LIVING ORGAN DONOR

HON. KEN LUCAS

OF KENTUCKY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 7, 2001

Mr. LUCAS of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, I rise before you today to recognize Lisa Cooney of Park Hills, Kentucky. On January 11th of this year, Lisa generously donated one of her kidneys to Andy Thelen, a resident of Lakeside Park, Kentucky.

Andy was born twenty-eight years ago with one polycystic kidney and one underdeveloped kidney. At the time, the doctor told his parents he wouldn't live more than a month. Andy defied the odds from day one receiving a kidney transplant at eighteen months from another eighteen-month-old baby in California who had died in an accident. That kidney allowed him to lead a relatively normal life for twenty-six years. But when that kidney